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A New and Diverting

DIALOGUE,

Both Serious and Comical,

That passed the other Day between a noted

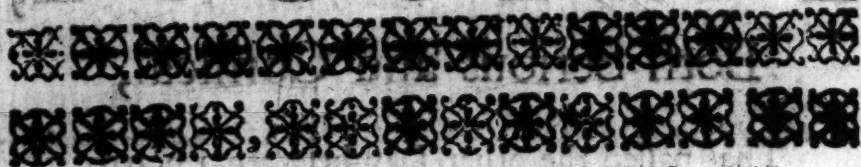
Shoemaker *and his* Wife,

Living in this Neighbourhood.

*Taken down in Shorthand by a nimble Penman,
one of his boon Companions.*



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A new and diverting Dialogue.



Wife.

I Wonder my bungling, cobling, numbskul, brainless, sapless noodle, rambles at this time of night, among his drunken sots and companions I'll warrant you; well, I'll strole the streets round to find him out; some gin-shop, or ale-house, or other, entertains this animal, whilst I and his poor children at home, have neither fire, candle, or bread — In short, I'll find him out, and if I meet a kind spark by the way, I'll kill two birds with one stone, graft a pair of horns on his head, and if he gives me a teaster, then I shall have something to drink tea with the rest of my gossips and neighbours. [Crispin by this time at a noisy house in the neighbourhood for bunning beer, was dumping the empty pot on the table calling for more liquor.]

Landlord be quicker,

Bring us more liquor,

We shall never be bang'd for debt.

[She hears him, and in she goes]

Hey-day! Mr. Mend-all, Mr. Spend-all, Mr. Go-for nothing-at-a'l, bad in bed, and worse up; ranting, raving, roaring, for more guzzle, whilst I and your poa

children at home, have neither fire, candle, or bread, but in a starving condition.

Husband. Good wife be pacified, don't expose your self and me before company—These are all my customers, I work for them daily, and they help me to business.

W. Out you silly oat! they'll speak you fair whilst you treat them, and laugh in their sleeves at your folly when they leave you.

H. Pray wife sit down, we'll have but one pot more. It was Robin, Tom, and Harry, brought me here to spend three-farthings a-piece, and so away.

W. A curse on them and you together! those pretences have ruin'd many families;

*Three-farthings is the Challenge of many an Idle sot,
Till thrice three Shillings will scarcely pay the shot.*

H. Pray my dear be good-natured, the Landlord, and Landlady, are civil obliging people.

W. The de'll give them thanks for their civility, if they give you fine swords, for your good money. Do but ask them to trust you, and see how they'll change their looks and their tone too.

H. My dear can you blame them to be courteous to their customers? every body should promote their own trade as well as they can.

W. No, you drunken sot, I don't blame them, but you, and every idle sot that is deluded by their smooth tongues, to beggar and starve their families, and let the Landladies flourish in their rings, gold chains, lockets, and what not; while we and our children have not bread to eat.

H. My dear you rave before your end, should not every body reap the fruits of their own labour?

W. Yes, you dog, but let the Landladies labour as I do, spin, wash, scower, and carry burthens; and not sit on their brawney fat buttocks and cry now and then you are welcome sir, when he has spent all his money.

H. Well, I find you are spiteful to the Landladies, moderate your passion, I took no money to night, but my Landlady will trust me a pot to drink and be friends with my wife.

[With that the Landlord steps up hastily and says, no master, you have had enough now; be ruled by your wife, and go home along with her, my boy shall light ye.

W. See there's swell-tub, was you at cards, or skittles, or had a whore along with you, you might drink while you had a teaster left: but now your money's gone you can't be trusted a full pot.

H. Pray Landlord bring a full-pot. I shall soal a pair of shoes to-morrow, and then I'll come and pay you.

W. By Jove if he does I'll throw it in your face, and break the pots, glasses, and windows, round the house—Then work you drunken dog to pay for it.

H. Well I find the devil himself is not able to tame a shrew; here Landlord is a shilling that never saw the Sun, take your reckoning, and I'll go home with this the devil; but I'll make her rue the time she ever followed me to the ale-house.

[The Landlord sneers and bows to him, saying, sit down while your passion is over, 'tis for your good, I should be glad to see you reconciled before you leave my house]

W. Death and fury! you senseless booby, if you had any guts in your brains, with half an eye you might perceive how this wheedling, dissembling bite imposes on your ignorance; now he sees you have got more money you are welcome to stay till it's all spent. But before it was pray master go home with your wife.

H. So I will, for I find I shall have no quietness here, but if once I lay hold of my stirrup, I'll liquor your hide, and baste your sides with good elbow grease till I make you repent dodging me like a serpent where-soever I go.

W. Do if you dare, you murmuring drunken sot, for while there's a ladle, poker, broom, plate, or a trencher in the house, you shall have them at your loggerhead.

H. Why you wont resist and rebel against your lord and master?

W. Rather unnatural monster, cruel brute, tyrant, devil, or any thing worse, if I had a name for it!

H. But you know the command, wives obey your husbands in all things.

W. Well, and you know, that Husbands are to love and cherish their wives.

H. That I think we do, when we chastise and correct them for their faults, 'tis a plain token of our love and esteem; to reclaim them when they do amils — You know I only beat the other part of myself when I strike you.

W. O Mr. Wise-acre, Pray for the future beat the other part of yourself, and let such sort of charity begin at home.

H. But if you were as near and dear to me as my right eye, or my right hand, I am to pluck you out, cut you off, and cast you away, when you become offensive to me.

W. Out prophane wretch! no more chopping of divinity and logick, I know you would fain cut me off, and cast me away for your glass, and your lase; but I'll have a maintenance for me and my children; since the laws of God and man allows it, or I'll have your bones in a gaol, you villain, you dog! I will so.

H. Hold good wife, be not so hot, I'm sure you and your children want for nothing.

W. No Swill-tub, but what we are sensible of, we can't have our due, and the landladies too.

H. Why ha'nt you tea every morning, and your gossip round you, with full liberty to lie, slander and tell lies of all your neighbours.

W. You lie sheeds-heads, we have only a little harmless chat, and wash away sorrow with a dish or two of that innocent liquor, on a cold morning, at the expence of above five farthings; while you among your boon companions [Sots like yourself] fool away as many shillings, come home drunk, beat your wives, and put all your neighbours in an uproar.

H. Nay good wife, since you talk of an uproar, pray who bred the tumult and riot about my ears the other night, when you got drunk in the gin shop, and the porter brought you home at his back, and a thousand boys hollowing you along?

W. Base, sinking, degraiding Rogue! I only took a dram with a friend, and being fasting, it made me sick not drunk, you scoundrel dog! I have been an honest sober, chaste, prudent wife to you, but I'll be even with you for exposing me thus, yes, you dog, I will so!

H. A woman's revenge I know is the devil; but sure wife I hope you don't design to make a cuckold of me?

W. Perhaps that is not to do firrab, stick a pin there

H. Be that as it will, I'm sure there's no man can be more constant to their marriage bed then I have been.

W. Yes, when you come home drunk to sleep and snore, and lie like a hog or a drone; for I'm sure I know no difference between a male and a female bed-fellow in the case of wedlock.

H. Sure wife you will not disgrace me before all my neighbours, han't you had a child once a Year ever since we have been married?

W. Cry your mercy Gaffer fumble, there's many more besides you beholden to their neighbours; there's another bone for you to pick.

H. Pr'ythee, Joan, don't take so much pains to convince me you are an errant whore.

W. You lie sheeps-head! I am as honest a woman as any in the parish, tho' I say it, that should not say it; but perhaps you think all women like yourself.

H. Why your actions and discourse are enough to make any one believe my horns are as long as stags.

W. Why then stay at home you jealous booby, and mind your own business, and save me the labour of getting one to do your drudgery.

H. Somebody was t'other night — What were Snip the taylor and you doing when I peep'd thro' the key-hole.

W. Hush you fool; it's many an honest man's fate to stand pimp to his own wife.

H. As fashionable as at is, I'll never bear with it for if ever I catch that scurvy dog at my house again

*I'll lop off his ears
With his own shears.*

W. No more of that rascal; for as often as you ramble into feather-bed-lane, the taylor and I will — You may guess what I mean.

H. Dear wife, sweet wife, good wife, I hope you are not in earnest, you know I never go into feather-bed-lane but when business calls me there.

W. *H.* But firrab, I don't like your business there, I well remember, and a body should think you should never forget, when you beel-piec'd Miss Pru's shaes, and she rewarded you with the crankums; when I pawn'd every thread to get you sativated — The noise and ding of dear doct'or no more of your blue-stone, sounds still in my ears.

H. Aye but wife, you know 'tis gentleman like to be a little touch'd sometimes.

W. Egad then by my consent, such gentlemen should have horns longer than ordinary, even as high as the monument.

H. Aye but wife, this would be running to the devil headlong at once.

W. Very true love, but you know the fable that is good for the goose is for the gander.

H. My dear I own it, and therefore

Since we have done amiss;

Let us amend, and seek eternal bliss;

W. With all my soul, here is both hand and heart,

If you'll reform, I will in every part;

We'll daily pray, for God's assisting grace,

The world we know, is no abiding place;

Then let us pray, for virtue, peace, and love,

And God will bless us here, likewise above.

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